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THE NATION

NOVEMBER 17, 1962 . . 25c

CUBA:
Pivot to the Future

Charles D. Bolton

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT
1884-1962

Archibald MacLeish

Ole Miss:
THE SILENT FACULTY

Leo J. Hertzel

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LETTERS

Offensive to Whom?

Dear Sirs: The Cuban crisis is based on the assumption that not all weapons are offensive — hence bad. Some, like antiaircraft guns and flame-throwers, are properly defensive — hence good. Others, like intermediate and long-range missiles, are offensive. . . . But, if intermediate and long-range missiles are in themselves offensive, hence bad, by what right does the United States maintain such missiles both here and abroad, publicly committed as it is to the policy of never waging an offensive war, but only a defensive one (if, and only if, such is forced upon it by the aggressive action of others)?

If, on the other hand, intermediate and long-range missiles are *really* defensive — as we say *ours* are — then by what right do we deny to the Republic of Cuba the possibility of being as prepared as we ourselves are to retaliate in the event of an act or acts of aggression against it?

In the final analysis, of course, weapons — in themselves — are neutral. The adjectives "offensive" and "defensive" should therefore be reserved for qualifying the intentions of those who make use of weapons. . . . ANDREW BOWMAN
Berkeley, Calif. U. of California

The Big Risk

Dear Sirs: Regarding your editorial, "After Quarantine," in the November 3 issue, it is true that desirable things may stem from the Cuban crisis (but what a harebrained method of realizing desirable objectives!). But all of the good, in my opinion, will be outweighed by the one bad thing sure to result: the notion that Russia bowed solely to a show of force will gain currency and belief and the concept of armed might as the final arbiter will be considerably strengthened. This can only mean intensification of the arms race, more "adventures," greater risks and less willingness to negotiate. One rash act will provoke another — thence to "escalation." And that will be that.
Schenectady, N.Y. THOMAS BRODERICK

[*See Charles D. Bolton's article on page 320 of this issue.*—ED.]

Bad Acoustics, Dull Design

Dear Sirs: It is most probably not the fault of Bold, Beranek and Newman if the acoustics of Lincoln Center's new Philharmonic Hall are not all that they should be [see music column by Benjamin Boretz, *The Nation*, Oct. 27]. When the acoustics consultant is called in to rectify basic errors in architectural plan and section, the result will be mediocre acoustics and bad interior decoration. The building's exterior appears to be quite conservative and rather dull, more than anything reminiscent of the streamlined classicism of the thirties, c.f., our Post-Office-Modern and the architecture of the Fascist regimes in Italy and Germany. How reassuring the forms of the past to those who misunderstand and distrust the present!

Why did not the Lincoln Center Commission hold a great international competition to select an architect for such an important project, as is done so often in Europe and South America? Is it that the established, brand-name architects fear for their chances in such a competition? . . . R. M. TITUS
Boston, Mass.

Angel for the Communists?

Dear Sirs: Jack Levine's revealing article about the FBI in the Communist Party ["Hoover and the Red Scare," *The Nation*, Oct. 20] raises the following question: Are some of the officers of the party who are fighting registration with the Subversive Activities Control Board FBI Communists, perhaps? If they are prosecuted by the Department of Justice and are fined in the courts, will the FBI pay their fines?
Oberlin, O. E. U. CONDON

Wrong Target

Dear Sirs: Hilton Kramer began as a literary critic and he has remained one. What he criticizes in his piece on the Mark Tobey exhibition [*The Nation*, Oct. 6] is only the literature that has flourished around the artist.

But even as a literary critic Mr. Kramer commits a number of blunders. . . . He says that Tobey's art will not support aesthetic and philosophic burdens that have been assigned to it. Assigned by whom? By Mr. Kramer. For it is Kramer's idea that Tobey is "illustrating" the tenets of his religion. He taxes Tobey for his titles, for his renown in Europe (a childish resentment, surely), for his absence from New York, for his philosophical convictions and for the things he *doesn't* do in his paintings (he doesn't, for example, use large formats which would make a strong physical impact on the spectator, Kramer says). All these things are patently extraneous. . . .

Why should [Mr. Kramer] make a false statement which his layman reader is helpless to detect, such as that the press has joined Mr. Seitz in heaping praises on Tobey? The fact is that with one small published exception, the entire art press to date has conspired to treat Tobey as a "minor" artist whose reputation in Europe is ludicrous. Once labeled minor, of course, the question of what Tobey is doing becomes unimportant. No critic is willing, it seems, to take the time these contemplative paintings require to enter into Tobey's universe and try to experience it. But then, Mr. Kramer has never cared to enter paintings. He likes literature and makes it well. DORE ASHTON
New York City

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The Nation, Nov. 17, 1962. Vol. 195, No. 16

The Nation published weekly (except in July and August, when biweekly) by The Nation Company and copyright 1962 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic—One year $8, Two years $14, Three years $20. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1962
VOLUME 195, No. 16

THE NATION

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT: 1884-1962

by Archibald MacLeish

I SUPPOSE Mrs. Roosevelt was known—known, that is, to be recognized and remembered—by more human beings than any woman in history.

For one thing, she went everywhere and went always as herself, a woman concerned with a woman's things—which means with human things. Even when her husband was President she was never a public figure, a symbol, a representative of one kind or another. Wherever she was, she was there in her own right, her own person.

And then again, wherever she was she was distinct, distinguishable—her height, her fine carriage, her face: a plain face which could be beautiful as merely handsome faces never are. She was a great lady and therefore a woman first and a lady afterward, her exquisite manners a means always of reaching others, not of putting them off, holding them at a distance.

There have been famous women known the world over for their profiles on coins or their images in light. The world knew Eleanor Roosevelt by heart.

Why was she famous? For herself. What she did was useful and generous and good, but what she was will be remembered longer. In a starved and hungry time haunted by intellectual abstractions and scientific divinations, she remained a woman. Others might identify themselves by their dogmas, as we all are expected to do in this century—Communist or anti-Communist or Nationalist or Pacifist or whatever. Others might think in terms of their slot in the census, as white or black or Jew or gentile, or judge themselves by their status in the statistics. Mrs. Roosevelt identified herself by herself and judged herself as herself and did her own thinking. She belonged to herself in the old American way of belonging to one's self and thus belonged to everyone as a human being always does who reminds the rest what human beings ought to be.

It was not what she said in her columns or in her speeches or anywhere else. It was her response to her time. Where the rest of us increasingly respond in formulas dictated by the place we live or the paper we read or the income we earn, so that a man's opinions can be predicted the moment you know he comes from the North Shore of Chicago, Mrs. Roosevelt always responded in her human person. No problem was big enough to become abstract to her—not even the problem of a world full of underfed children or exploited women. And no conviction, no matter how firmly she held it, ever made her doctrinaire. She felt what she thought. And she made others feel it. Not by eloquence, for she was not eloquent. Not by mere persistence: she was far too busy to waste time. By candor. By the unanswerable honesty of her own commitment.

And by the reality, the humanity, of her world. To most of us, the world—what we continue to call "the world"—has become an abstraction of one kind or another: an economic mechanism such as the Marxists still believe they have discovered; the Absurdity which contemporary literary fashion plays with; the hard-headed Reality which only Republicans can ever know; the ultimate Equation which science will someday write. To Mrs. Roosevelt the world was never an abstraction. It was human.

THIS, I THINK, was the key to her hold upon the imagination of her time. Because the world was human to her, people, in her presence, took themselves upon her terms. They talked like human beings—were even unashamed to feel like human beings. With her there on the platform, or in a chair by the window, or merely passing on the street, things took on their old human proportion again and the slogans somehow withered and went away—even those enormous outdoor slogans of American suburbia, and those prestige-building, inside slogans of American intellectualia and the sky-high slogans of the various cults and creeds. Things got simpler where she was. Good became good again, and nonsense nonsense, and evil evil, and a man could love again and even pity.

It was for this reason, of course, that the doctrinaires of all the doctrines railed against her or patronized her with their silence. She left them nowhere at all to stand. And it was for this reason too, I suppose, that she never answered them. It was not that she ignored them. She knew what they said and some of it—the worst of it—

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must have hurt her. But what she meant and what they meant were so far apart that there were no words left in which to meet them. Doctrine is what life leaves behind like a skim of ice above a run of water: her thought was for the water.

Or not perhaps her thought: her being. For it was her being that counted. What renewed the feel of things where she passed was not what she thought or said but what she was. It was Eleanor Roosevelt, a great lady in a great tradition, who was also a woman and who saw the world as women see it and who gave it life. That, perhaps, is the word one needs: that she gave our time her life. All of it. Not just the end of it, the death, but all of it—the whole, full life.

EDITORIALS

This Side of Elation

The results of last week's election support the conclusion, based on still incomplete returns, that the electorate demonstrated exceptional shrewdness in the marking of ballots. Despite the lack of significant national issues and a wealth of pre-election comment about the prevailing apathy — and the apathy was real enough — voters flocked to the polls in what was, all things considered, a remarkable turnout. Given real issues, coherent party programs and a more sharply focused campaign, one can only speculate with wonder on what the turnout might have been. Although Cuba was not an issue, it was obviously responsible for the atmosphere of urgency and excitement that brought voters to the polls in such numbers.

With badly split parties, it is not surprising that voters exhibited a strong tendency to pick and choose with a cavalier disregard of party labels. After four years of David Lawrence in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, voters not unreasonably decided to entrust the management of state affairs to a Republican, William M. Scranton, but they wisely sent Senator Joseph S. Clark back to Washington. In Michigan, they elected George Romney, but showed virtually no interest in other Republican nominees. In California, they re-elected Senator Kuchel while showing a marked preference for Democrats generally. And so it went.

On two counts the results are more promising than a first impression might suggest. In terms of quality, the 88th Congress will be more of an improvement on the 87th than a comparison of Democratic and Republican totals would indicate. For example, replacing Walter H. Judd with Donald W. Fraser, in Minnesota, is not simply to replace a Republican with a Democrat; the qualitative difference is far more significant than the partisan fact. Claude Pepper is not merely a Democrat; he is a Democrat with extraordinary political experience, rare debating skills and brilliant insight into the legislative process. Similarly, in California, the election of the veteran liberal state legislator, Augustus Hawkins, is not only long-deferred recognition of a fine record of public service and the equally long-deferred addition of a Negro to the delegation, but it will bring to the new Congress a man of exceptional legislative experience. The substitutions of Gaylord Nelson for Alexander Wiley and of Birch E. Bayh, Jr. for Homer Capehart, represent a net gain in quality of representation apart from partisan considerations. As another example of discriminating action on the part of voters, one might point to the results in the 1st Congressional District in California, where the late Clem Miller was re-elected — the finest possible tribute to that fine Representative. Many similar examples could be cited.

And in another sense also the results are more hopeful than a first impression suggests. In today's odd, vacuum-like politics, President Kennedy represents the "Left" of the spectrum in an operational, if not in an ideological, sense. Since the election, by general agreement, was a personal triumph for him, it is also, by today's odd political calculus, a defeat for the Right and a victory for the Left (the Center being considerably to the Right of the President). That the results were a setback for the Right is a fact which its spokesmen reluctantly concede. The defeat of the only avowed members of the John Birch Society in Congress — Rep. John H. Rousselot and Rep. Edgar W. Hiestand — is a fact which will not be overlooked by ambitious politicians of both parties. The outstanding exception would appear to be the defeat of Senator John Carroll in Colorado, but this campaign was not the clear-cut test of "Left vs. Right," liberalism vs. conservatism, that it was said to be. Senator-elect Peter H. Dominick is, indeed, of the Right, but he won in large measure because of factors unrelated to any "Left-Right" tensions.

On balance, then, if the results do not give rise to elation, they do yield a sense of genuine satisfaction.

Mr. Nixon and the Press

In his dramatic tirade against the press, Richard M. Nixon demonstrated a degree of inconsistency and ingratitude that can fairly be characterized as shocking. The press, he snarled, has always kicked him around.

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It has been unfair to him. Even the *Los Angeles Times,* which has supported him in all his campaigns—in season and out, through thick and thin—was not excepted, and drew a seering rebuke. Yet if ever a politician had occasion to be grateful to the press, if ever there was a politician whose entire public career has been fostered and furthered by the press, however unwittingly—that man is Richard M. Nixon. An unknown young man in Congress, he was catapulted into national limelight by the well-known incapacity of the press to resist the news bait of "charges" and "denunciations." Now, with a truly amazing lack of perception, Nixon complains that "since the Alger Hiss case," the press has been his enemy. This particular snarl suggests the ancient tag line, "Man bites dog." For it was the manner in which the American press made a sensation of the Alger Hiss case that launched Nixon's national political career. Even earlier, it was the built-in disposition of the press to handle "charges" in a manner that keeps the calumniated forever in pursuit of the calumniator that resulted in his early triumphs over Jerry Voorhis and Helen Gahagan Douglas. Individual reporters and columnists have no doubt disliked Nixon, but publishers, by and large, have always been in his camp; in his latest and final campaign the press, with rare exceptions, was on his side.

But to underscore the lack of insight demonstrated in the extraordinary flare-up at the Beverly Hilton, the former Vice President—for years a heartbeat from the Presidency—said: "Thank God for radio and television." But it was television that, in a famous Presidential campaign debate, revealed to the American people more sharply than the press had ever succeeded in doing, and in a matter of minutes, the real Nixon: not the black-jowled villain of the Herblock cartoons, or the haloed hero of the far Right, but an empty, faceless, insecure, weak, almost abject opportunist striving mightily, with no sense of values and a most uncertain sense of self-identity, to claw his way to the top by fair means or foul. In brief, Mr. Nixon is an American tragedy in the classic pattern, but it took television to reveal the truth.

And in Nixon's final seventeen-minute press conference it was television, not the press, that managed to catch once again the true character of the man. His words seem lifeless on the printed page, but the image on the television screen conveyed the unmistakable lineaments of the man's true character. To this day he does not understand, he will never understand, that it was the circumstance that Governor Brown's "image" happened to be the man himself—that this most unpretentious of American politicians is in fact quite incapable of projecting a false image—that was his own undoing. For Nixon's character, not the press, is what defeated him, just as surely as it was Governor Brown's character that brought him victory.

Now, If Ever

On November 5, the UN General Assembly, acting through its 110-member Political Committee, called on the four nuclear powers — the United States, the Soviet Union, Britain and France — to end all nuclear-weapons testing by January 1.

The earlier maneuvering in the long debate produced not one resolution, but two. The first was proposed by a group of thirty-seven non-nuclear nations from all over the globe. It summarily condemned all nuclear-weapons tests, asked that they cease no later than the end of the year, and urged the governments of the United States, the Soviet Union and the United Kingdom to "negotiate in a spirit of mutual understanding and concession in order to reach agreement urgently, bearing in mind the vital interests of mankind." If the Big Three were unable to agree on the prohibition of all tests by the end of the year, they were asked to cease testing in the atmosphere, under water and in outer space, and to enter on an interim arrangement suspending underground tests pending "adequate assurances" for discrimination between "underground explosions and seismic events." This resolution was adopted with 75 nations in favor and no negative votes, although 25 nations, including the four nuclear powers and some of their allies, abstained.

A second resolution, proposed by the United States and Great Britain, was adopted 50 to 12, with 42 abstentions. It laid more stress on the need for international controls. The negative votes were cast by the Soviet bloc, which was among the abstainers on the first resolution. The French abstained on both votes and made it clear that they were opposed at this time to any negotiations on nuclear-test cessation. They were not exhorted in the first resolution because France has not been a party to the talks in Geneva on disarmament and a nuclear-test ban.

The fact that there were two resolutions is important: after years of discussion, the nuclear powers are still wrangling. But more important is the fact that no country dared to go on record in opposition to the first and basic resolution. The non-nuclear powers have finally dragooned the nuclear club (except France and the immovable de Gaulle) into acceding in principle to the world-wide opposition to the poisoning of the earth's atmosphere.

The crucial question, of course, is whether the two great nuclear powers will obey the UN's mandate. If they do, the pressure on France to fall in line will be great. The conditions for a test ban will never be more favorable. The need is obvious: next spring the fallout of Strontium-90 will reach an all-time peak. The practically unanimous sentiment of the nations which get the fallout, without exploding bombs themselves, has been formally expressed. Both the Soviet Union

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and the United States have been given something of a turn by the artificial radiation belts they have created, which may result in increased danger to the astronauts they propose to send to the moon. They have just drawn back from the brink of nuclear war over Cuba, and both need a *détente*. Both have tested to satiety: the data from their respective test series must be running out of their ears. The yield-to-weight ratio of their future bomb production will be even greater than it was, which must give them much joy. Finally, the technology of test detection has improved greatly in the past year. Among other devices, one announced by the California Institute of Technology — seismograph coupled with a digital computer — is said to cover the entire seismic spectrum and to be equivalent to a combination of many conventional seismographs of the kind now in use.

Our negotiator, Arthur Dean, is pessimistic, as usual. Edward Teller will no doubt come up with further obstructive theories or fancies. On the whole, however, the forces favoring test suspension are stronger than they have been previously. The failure or success of the action still to be taken will be the best possible indication of whether mankind is headed for irrevocable disaster, or a new beginning.

The Poisoned Future

A friend tells us that on the second night of the Cuba showdown his teen-age daughter phoned him from boarding school to say that "the kids up here have decided there's no use studying, since we'll all be dead in a couple of days." He answered that this was a contest of nerves, a diplomatic gamble and not a declaration of war, that he didn't know what the outcome would be except that he knew Khrushchev would not open a nuclear war to hold his bases in Cuba, and that if she failed French he would not take the blockade as an excuse. Then he hung up and fled the room to escape the eyes of his wife. But what else could he have said?

This sort of things happens all over the country every day, and it was going on long before the President decided that the Caribbean missile bases were to be removed at the risk of annihilation. The problem has become so heartbreaking (what do you say to a child who begins a sentence: "If I grow up . . ."?) that the Child Study Association has issued a well-meaning and pathetic booklet, *Children and the Threat of Nuclear War*. The pamphlet bases its advice on the point that children — even rather large children — place the most touching faith in the wisdom, honor and power of their parents. We are to "reassure" them by showing that we have "thought" about the problem and that we are "confident" of our ability to protect them. We are to allay their fears by correcting their misunderstandings (the snow will not hurt them—at least not this winter). But this faith is as fragile as it is absolute, and the trouble is that, on the essential points, children already understand with the perfect egotism and unprotected vividness of the young. They know that war hangs by a thread, that if it comes they will die and that daddy doesn't have the foggiest notion of what to do about it. Each individually sees himself as the target at which those intercontinental rockets are aimed. They've all seen on television what happens when a gun is pointed at someone; and this gun is pointed at them. Children are rarely self-deluded — the attribute is one of maturity — and no show of specious confidence will convince them that their parents have a secret for survival unknown to the world at large. Radioactivity has not yet poisoned the children's milk; it has gone a long way toward poisoning their minds. The young do not particularly want to grow up; and emotionally, at least, they never will if they believe no future awaits them. The nuclear "damage" we talk about with such evasive glibness is happening right now to the generation trotting at our heels. Cuba may be a victory for the adults of the Western world; the children will not survive many such victories.

CUBA: Pivot to the Future . . *Charles D. Bolton*

WE MAY be sure every effort will be made to misinterpret the meaning of the Cuban crisis in the coming weeks as the debris falls into place. But it is crucial that those seeking some alternative to the arms race understand the significance of what has recently happened. No one should suppose that the crisis pivoted primarily on Cuba or that the Russians were merely creating a bargaining position by giving missiles to Castro. The Russian move was in many respects stupid and in all respects extraordinarily reckless. It is not unusual for the Russians to do rather stupid things, but they have not had a history of doing reckless things entailing a serious risk of a nuclear war. Yet this is what they apparently did in Cuba. The American response, in turn, also involved a very serious risk of nuclear war had there been the slightest miscalculation by either side. It is plain that considerations of the utmost seriousness for the whole cold war were involved.

Some commentators suggest the

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Russians aimed at creating a bargaining position in which they might trade Cuba for Berlin, or at least for American bases in such countries as Turkey. This argument does not make sense in spite of Khrushchev's belated offer to swap Cuban bases for Turkish bases. The risks involved for Russia were far too great for this kind of stake. The large number of missiles sent to Cuba also belies the "swap" thesis. The real risk of nuclear war lay in an American invasion or bombing of Cuba. Had either occurred and assuming that the Russian missiles were operative, the fatal decision would have been thrown into the hands of Soviet technicians and military officers in Cuba. In the case of a U.S. bombing attempt, the Russians would have had only a fraction of a minute to decide whether to fire their rockets or not. Since their own death at that point would have been imminent, it is hard to believe that someone would not have pulled the trigger, and this in turn would have set off a general conflagration. American reluctance to invade or bomb suggests strongly that we feared precisely such a Soviet reaction.

Much deeper considerations than "swapping" must be given for the recklessness of the Soviet action. I suggest that the moves which took place must be understood in the context of (1) American counterforce policy and (2) unstable political deadlocks elsewhere in the world, primarily Berlin.

WHATEVER may be said for the American version of the cold war as presented by Ambassador Stevenson in the UN, one critical factor was unmentioned: the effects of the American adoption of counterforce strategy in the last twelve months. (General Maxwell D. Taylor, despite earlier opposition to the counterforce strategy, endorsed it when he was sworn in last month as chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.) It is a factor that Americans can leave unstated with impunity because the Russians cannot complain about it without admitting their own weakness. In spite of John Foster Dulles' bluster about massive retaliation, President Eisenhower unfailingly held before the American people the image that international war is obsolete and the initiation of nuclear war unthinkable for sane people. In line with that image, the Eisenhower administration clung to a deterrent nuclear policy. But for some time now, the Kennedy Administration has accepted the doctrine of counterforce strategy — that is, maintenance of a superiority in nuclear weapons and their delivery systems sufficient to destroy the enemy's nuclear striking power, with enough force left over to hold the enemy's cities hostage against a threat of retaliation by any of his delivery systems — such as submarines — that may have escaped destruction. Because several nuclear weapons must be directed at each nuclear emplacement of the opponent, counterforce strategy calls for an overwhelming superiority.

Counterforce is by its very nature a first-strike strategy: there is no point in building up a gigantic capacity to hurl a massive "no-cities" strike at an enemy's empty missile sites in retaliation for a strike at cities. This is so even granting that some missile launchers could be used for a second missile. If counterforce does not reduce the capacity of the enemy to inflict an unacceptable blow upon one's society, it has no advantages over a minimum deterrent strategy, which is far less costly and far less provocative. The "public" argument of proponents of counterforce that the strategy is really a defensive one because it coerces an inferior enemy into making his first strike against one's bases rather than against cities is wholly unconvincing. No rational opponent would initiate a game he was bound to lose by playing according to the rules. Only the possessor of the counterforce capacity could rationally make the first strike.

THE problem of assessing the motivations for adoption of counterforce, however, is more difficult. Counterforce *can* be conceived of as a form of retaliation for a conventional-weapons aggression — a form which would minimize the destruction of cities and human life. And, indeed, this is the rationale offered by Secretary of Defense McNamara in his Michigan University commencement speech announcing the "no-cities" doctrine. Whereas a deterrent force used in retaliation for a conventional-force aggression must be employed against the enemy's cities, and in turn inevitably invites destruction of one's own cities, a counterforce retaliation could greatly reduce casualties if the perfect rational control involved in counterforce could be maintained. Thus the American build-up of a first-strike capability does not mean that the United States intends to carry out an unprovoked first strike. But unquestionably it does carry that implication to a suspicious opponent. At a minimum, it leaves the opponent constantly subject to nuclear blackmail.

It is not clear how the American decision to adopt a counterforce strategy arose. Was it from a calculated intent to gain the initiative in international affairs? Or did it represent an inevitable response to the revelation, by our intelligence, that the missile gap was in fact a gap in reverse and that by quickly exploiting our industrial superiority, we could achieve the predominance required for a counterforce position? The publicly known facts can be interpreted either way. Imputing motives is a ticklish business, especially when the decisions are not those of one man but of a vast number of persons in interlocking and competing agencies. But that the visible strategic relations of the two great powers have changed radically in the last twelve months in the direction of an extreme disadvantage to the Soviet Union is undeniable.

BEFORE turning to the significance of counterforce for the Cuban crisis, let us look at the facts on the "delicate balance" which Ambassador Stevenson seemed so distraught about the Soviet's disturbing. Secretary McNamara has stated on several occasions that the United States could absorb a first strike and have left a retaliatory force greater than any first strike the Russians could direct at us — and then have enough left still to handle any third nuclear power. Deputy Secretary of Defense Gilpatric has stated that the total number of our nuclear-delivery vehicles, tactical as well as

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strategic, is in the tens of thousands; and of course, we have more than one warhead for each vehicle. Mr. Gilpatric also indicated that the United States plans to have twice the striking power by 1965 that we will have at the end of 1962. Major General T. P. Gerrity, Air Force Deputy Chief of Staff, has stated that our force of ICBMs is being tripled in 1962 and may be tripled again next year. In a recent book, physicist Ralph Lapp says that the United States has stockpiled enough nuclear explosives to overkill the Soviet Union at least twenty-five times. Admiral Arleigh Burke, Chief of Staff 1955-61, recently stated in a speech in Fresno, California, that "if the United States dropped all her nuclear weapons on Russia and not one exploded, Russia would still be destroyed — by the metal alone." Yet Secretary of State Rusk has indicated that the U.S. stockpile of nuclear weapons may be doubled by 1966. Even in the case of manpower, Secretary McNamara said in his Michigan speech that NATO has more men under arms than Russia and her satellites.

ON THE other hand, evidence now seems very strong that in recent years Russia had adopted, for reasons we can only speculate on, a policy of minimum deterrence. Since 1956, the Soviet Union has announced reductions in its forces totaling 2.7 million men, and before the Berlin crisis arose had scheduled a further reduction in 1961 of 700,000 men to a force of 2.4 million. Much more important, American U-2 and satellite intelligence has revealed that Russia was not coming close to building either missiles or bombers at the rate her economy made possible. After hearing testimony from Secretary McNamara, Senator Stuart Symington said that the estimate of the USSR's intercontinental-missile strength had been reduced 96.5 per cent since the CIA estimates of the 1958-59 period. In short, our intelligence reported that Russia had built only one missile for each thirty which we had estimated they could if they used their economic capacity to its maximum. Other reports indicate that from 1956-61 the Soviets had built only one-fifth as many

"Going Up?"

heavy bombers as we had expected. Gerard Piel, editor of *Scientific American*, has estimated that the American advantage in nuclear-delivery systems is in the 5 to 1 range.

This is the delicate balance of which Mr. Stevenson spoke. The fact is that that balance had already been destroyed, partly by the American counterforce policy, partly by the Russians' own low-scale missile program in the 1958-61 period, and partly by the overcoming of Russian secrecy by the U-2s and the Midas and Samos satellites. The enormous further build-up projected by the Kennedy Administration promises to widen the gap in the next few years.

Moreover, last summer's successful testing of an anti-missile missile gives promise that within a few years the United States may have at least a quasi-successful defense against intercontinental ballistic missiles. The stubborn continuation of high-altitude nuclear tests in the Pacific, in the face of world-wide scientific criticism and the known ill effects of our first explosion, lends further weight to the view that a defense against ICBMs is indeed in sight. In case of such a development, the Russian military position would be even more drastically weakened. Even if Russia should, as Khrushchev claims, also have an anti-missile missile effective against ICBMs, the fact that America has missile bases within short range of Russia, whereas Russian missiles must travel vast distances to the United States, means that American foreign bases tip the balance decisively to the United States in the anti-missile race. For the intricate timing and control required for missile interception would simply not be practical for missiles traveling only a few hundred miles. The refusal of American negotiators at Geneva to consider elimination of American foreign bases in an early stage of disarmament thus becomes ominous to the Russians.

WE MAY NOW turn to the real significance of the Cuban crisis. The Soviet emplacement of missiles in Cuba must be interpreted primarily as a rather desperate response to American counterforce strategy, and secondarily it can be seen as a bid to retain a position of strength in the bargaining over Berlin that is — or was — planned for this month. The same U.S. intelligence reports that conveyed the news of the surprisingly small numbers of Soviet intercontinental-range missiles (ICBMs) also reported the existence of a large number—perhaps as many as 300-400—of Soviet medium- and intermediate-range missiles (IRBMs). Without speculating on the reason for the Russian concentration on IRBMs, the basic fact remains that these,

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based on Soviet soil, could not touch the United States and that the estimated 45-50 Russian ICBMs do not (considering the unreliability of missiles) constitute a satisfactory deterrent in the face of developing American capacity.

No doubt the Russian ICBMs could still wreak a heavy toll, but certainly not one above the level that the Russians might fear American military strategists would consider "acceptable." One of the architects of American counterforce strategy, Herman Kahn, has argued that American feelings about "acceptable" American casualties, in case the United States had to meet Russian aggression by nuclear war, center on a figure of 60 million. It is highly unlikely that Soviet missiles and bombers launched from Russia could inflict that kind of damage on the United States, especially after a U.S. first-strike counterforce attack. Hence, if American leaders were ruthless enough to absorb some millions of American casualties and let NATO allies suffer the toll that would be exacted by Russian IRBMs, Russia was and is open to the threat of an American counterforce attack.

Given their paranoia about American motives, the Russians' growing realization in the first half of 1962 that they were subject to a counterforce attack must have created an atmosphere of desperation in the Kremlin. Particularly is this so in view of the apparent need by the Soviet bloc to settle the Berlin problem in a way favorable to Communist interests. Any Soviet move in Berlin which actually involved a conventional-weapons move, or which the Americans might interpret as implying an imminent military move against West Berlin, could be countered by an American threat of a counterforce attack which could be made with relative impunity. The sudden renewal in the past summer of Soviet interest in shoring up the Cuban economy and the subsequent emplacement of missiles in Cuba thus become understandable. Some stability had to be introduced into the deteriorating Cuban system in order to make it a suitable base for the Russians. The price Castro had to pay was acceptance of Russian missiles. It was also the next to last price the United States had to pay for policies which had driven Castro into complete dependence upon the Communist bloc; the final price was the necessity of giving assurances that we would not invade Cuba — thus accepting the continued presence of Castro. Acceptance of a pawn's role in Great Power politics was the price Castro had to pay for his rashness and blunders in handling the Cuban economy.

MY argument, then, is that the Soviet decision to place missiles in Cuba was an attempt to neutralize the American counterforce advantage. The timing of the Russian move suggests that it was also aimed at opening the way for stronger Soviet pressure for a Berlin settlement. I am not speculating that such pressure was to include actual military action in Berlin; but the implication that success of the Cuban venture would have opened the way to that possibility is a much more serious consideration than the clandestine character of the missile installation stressed by American spokesmen.

Yet the Russian missiles themselves must be recognized as essentially deterrent. To claim, as has been done, that the aim was to shift the balance of power to Russia and make feasible a Russian attack on the United States or other Western Hemisphere nations simply does not make sense in view of the tremendous American predominance in nuclear weapons. The real effect of the presence of Soviet IRBMs in Cuba would be to make these missiles functionally equivalent to deterrent ICBMs based in Russia, and hence to make too risky the American employment of a counterforce strategy. This would be especially true in the short run — for example, when the Berlin showdown was scheduled — because countering American missiles could not be redirected toward Cuba that rapidly. Even in the long run, there would be reluctance to direct nuclear missiles at bases in Cuba, if not because of regard for Cubans, at least because of the fallout that would drift over American cities. But given the Western preponderance of power, even a very considerable build-up of Russian missiles in Cuba would have left a calculated Soviet first strike suicidal for the Russian homeland and hence quite unreasonable. Thus the Soviet gamble was deterrent rather than aggressive in character so far as nuclear strength was concerned.

The vigor of the American response indicates our leaders' awareness of the extent to which the Soviet missiles in Cuba upset the implementation of counterforce strategy and the possibility of our threatening nuclear retaliation to any aggression with conventional weapons. Coming just before a scheduled showdown on West Berlin, the Russian move was extremely threatening to an American position of inflexibility on that issue. A continuation of the Soviet missile build-up in Cuba would have neutralized American counterforce strategy over the long run; moreover, Russia's weaker economy could better withstand American competition in IRBMs than in the more expensive ICBMs. American leaders hence were forced either to risk a nuclear war now to rid Cuba of the Soviet missiles, or to accept a major change in military and political policy. They chose the former. That it is almost inconceivable that any other choice could have been made indicates the extent of either Russian recklessness or Russian miscalculation.

THE success of President Kennedy's handling of the Cuban crisis is apparent. His initial response of a blockade against offensive weapons was the most moderate action available to him in the context of the political and military pressures that existed. His decision to offer Khrushchev the face-saving device of assurances that the United States would not invade Cuba if Soviet missiles were withdrawn subject to UN inspection, was certainly the key move that de-fused the crisis just at the point where it seemed ready to explode into nuclear war. Since the Administration had no public commitment to invade Cuba, the no-invasion pledge was a loss mainly to the American Radical Right. To have forced a Soviet backdown without a no-invasion pledge and then to have invaded would only have been to invite disaster in

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Latin America and open the door to a Russian retaliatory move, in some place such as Iran, that would have seemed justifiable in the eyes of world opinion.

While Khrushchev can use the sop of the no-invasion pledge with his own populace, there is no doubt that the Russians suffered a serious strategic defeat. The Soviet bid for a position of initiative in the near future—especially in Berlin—was frustrated. Underdeveloped nations will be reluctant to turn to Russia for economic aid after seeing Castro's reduction to a pawn as the price for aid. While the legality of the American blockade may be debated by scholars, the United States emerges with a moral triumph of major proportions; in addition, the Soviet Union has been forced to back down from a military test. So compromised is the Castro regime that even the net Communist gain of the no-invasion assurance may prove to be merely an economic liability for Moscow.

But the consequences of the Cuban crisis will be with us for some years. It will almost certainly be recorded as one of the turning points of modern history, though at present the direction of the turn is unpredictable. There has already been much debate in the American press about the effects of the Cuban affair on Khrushchev's position in Russia, on Sino-Russian relations and on Castro in Cuba. But it is with the consequences of the Cuban crisis for the American scene that I will concern myself.

WHILE Kennedy has already emerged as an almost unparalleled hero figure, his handling of the American scene in the next few weeks may prove as crucial for the future of the world as his handling of the crisis itself. For the most likely internal consequences of the Cuban crisis will be a complete cessation of a meaningful political dialogue in the United States, a return to a level of McCarthyism even more corrosive of civil liberties — because of the lack of any real Communists for targets — than in the 1950s, and an irreversible commitment of the American mentality to a military solution of all international problems. It is difficult to imagine that the next Congress will not pass a crash shelter program, greatly step up military spending and reject any increase in research for disarmament. In fact, it is hard to believe the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency will survive the next Congress or that the Congress will support any international arrangements that are not so completely contrary to the interests of the Soviet Union as to be impossible for the Soviets. The hand of those who assert that the Russians are totally untrustworthy liars who can be handled only by sheer military power has been immeasurably strengthened. Recourse to the Cuban crisis to show that "the Russians will back down every time if we are really firm" will be a convincing tool in the effort to whip up a military approach to all future face-offs with the Communists.

The peace movement promises to be reduced to its pre-1960 level of splinter pacifist groups, and its propositions will be rejected as "subversive." While much legitimate criticism may be made of the peace movement, it is at the same time true that the revival of an outspoken liberalism and the emergence of meaningful political dialogue here have been associated with its rise. It is this political dialogue which is most threatened by the Cuban crisis. Ironically, the Russian action in Cuba will probably destroy any chance of changes in American foreign policy favorable to solutions of international problems along the lines that represent the real interests of the Soviet Union: disarmament, a German settlement, inclusion of Communist China in the UN, etc. It is the influence of the Radical Right that will be strengthened by the Cuban affair.

THE ONLY chance of avoiding all this lies with Kennedy. The President's true intentions in international policy will be made plain in the coming weeks. If he throws his weight behind an increased military build-up, an effort to bring Castro down by further economic reprisals and an inflexible position on political differences with the USSR, then we must assume that he expects to make his mark in history by crushing communism, even at the risk of nuclear war. The nature of the projected American military build-up lends itself to the reasonable interpretation that by about 1965-66, the United States will be in a position either to launch a counterforce strike to destroy communism once and for all, or to use the counterforce threat to roll communism back in successive confrontations. Crash programs for shelters and anti-missiles would be indicative of such intentions.

Even discounting such outright aggressive intentions, prospects of success are not really promising for a policy of using continual strategic pressures to force Russia, through economic strains and loss of prestige, into some sort of internal revolution. The possibilities of a Soviet shift

"Come on out, everybody. The world is still here — temporarily, at least."

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in emphasis to submarines, mobile missiles and military satellites are too great to make counterforce feasible as a lasting political-economic pressure weapon. The Cuban crisis demonstrates the reckless gambles which the counterforce strategy spawns. It must be remembered that the United States won the first challenge to counterforce in a situation where it had maximum strategic advantage. Can we expect such perfect control of future situations as to guarantee that we will always have this advantage?

IT COULD well be that the Cuban crisis, rather than increasing tensions, will cause leaders in both blocs to re-examine the possibilities of peaceful coexistence. Kennedy's conciliatory gestures in the closing phases of his intense exchange with Premier Khrushchev suggest that the President may really be thinking in this direction. His last-minute withdrawal from what must have been monumental pressures to invade Cuba suggests a genuine reluctance to risk plunging the world into nuclear war even when the American advantage is great.

We may believe a peaceful resolution of the cold war is the intent of the President if he seeks a solution of the Berlin deadlock in the context of a general German settlement; if he supplements the Cuban arrangement with quiet attempts to reach an accommodation with Castro and to wean Cuba out of the Communist sphere; if the United States shows signs of seriously seeking a disarmament agreement as well as just a test-ban treaty; and, especially, if the United States presents a blueprint for settling the cold war by concomitant action on a number of problems rather than by continuing to permit individual crises to build up to be dealt with piecemeal.

If the basic decision at this crucial juncture lies with the President, the role of the peace movement could still be an important one if Kennedy's intention is to push for a resolution of the cold war by negotiation and peaceful diplomacy. Any American administration that seriously approaches a disarmament agreement and the international controls necessary to implement it will be massively opposed not only by the extreme Right, but by the military and the most powerful segments of industry. The administration's program could survive this assault only with equally massive support from the general populace. This support could be mustered only by a responsible, well-organized peace movement with faith in the effectiveness of political action.

This is not to say that it is now the duty of the peace movement slavishly to follow the President. Quite the contrary, its role for some time is to keep the political dialogue open. No matter what the President's personal views, he will have to adapt them to the political situation, the realm of the possible. The role of the peace movement is to broaden the realm of the possible by working to alter the American intellectual climate within which political decisions are made, and also by private contacts with scientists and intellectuals in the Communist states to stimulate changes in the political climate there.

Certainly there is much work to be done even in educating the Administration. If the tactical decisions of the President during the Cuban crisis were admirable, the rhetoric which accompanied them, particularly in the United Nations, was deplorable. There was no evidence of concern that the American action had implications for the lives of hundreds of millions of people living outside the three countries involved in the crisis; no sign of humility that we had taken into our hands a decision on the existence of humanity such as no nation has ever had before. Rather, there were only the trumpetings of the self-righteous. We are yet far from the attitude of international responsibility which befits a nation laying claim to moral leadership of the "free world."

BUT THE strategy of the peace movement must be delicate. There is no use wasting effort trying to convert the completely impossible into the possible — for example, trying to push unilateral disarmament or pacifism. Nor will the peace movement be effective if it continues, reflexively, to oppose every military action and firm stand by the American government. There will be more crises and more firm actions, some of which will be justified. It was a mistake for some peace groups to attack the Cuban quarantine before there was any understanding of the real stakes at issue. In general, the peace movement's response to the Cuban crisis was more responsible than usual; unfortunately, the mass media almost always distort the misguided demonstrations of a few to make the entire peace movement look like dupes and crackpots.

The time for the peace movement to be effective is not during the heat of crises. It can operate effectively—assuming the President opens the door — by research on peace, by creative thinking on new strategies and initiatives, by opening up discussion on new alternatives in the public discourse, and by forming a persistent body of committed workers who will make the image of a disarmed world visible in American intellectual life. Paradoxically, it will not become effective until it gives up the notion that its aim is peace. We have had some semblance of peace — in the sense of non-war — for the last ten years, and the military can make as reasonable claim to being for peace as can the peace movement (I am reminded of a recent leaflet from my telephone company picturing a Titan missile, which it refers to as a "peaceful persuader").

SO LONG AS the preservation of peace is carried out in the context of military strategy, the peace movement has nothing to contribute to that strategy. The aim of the movement should be attainment of a world situation in which resort to force is not a possible instrument of international policy, in which the military mentality is finally eliminated from the framework of civilization, and in which the benefits of the scientific revolution are extended to all mankind under conditions protecting the civil liberties of individuals. It is only when the peace movement turns to the problems of achieving this type of world situation that it will play a vital role in the political dialogue that may provide political leaders with the possibilities of ending the cold war.

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THE SILENT FACULTY . . *by Leo J. Hertzel*

ONE OF THE more thought-provoking aspects of the news that came out of Oxford, Mississippi, before and during James Meredith's registration at the University of Mississippi, was the reported attitude of the faculty towards the crisis on its campus. According to at least two widely reprinted newspaper stories written shortly after Meredith's registration, not one faculty member at the University of Mississippi spoke out endorsing integration or advocating compliance with the federal court order to admit Meredith either before or during the violence that accompanied his registration. The local chapter of the American Association of University Professors (AAUP), however, did issue a belated statement defending the conduct of U. S. marshals in their execution of orders.

That an entire 200-man faculty of a respected state university should have found it wise, expedient or necessary to maintain silence in a situation intimately and violently affecting its own campus, its own students, and the whole structure of constitutional government in its state, is both curious and disturbing. It is impossible to believe that all of these men, educated in a variety of disciplines, could have been indifferent to the struggle going on in front of their office doors. One wonders about student interpretation of the faculty silence.

Writing this 1,500 miles away from Oxford, I do not presume to judge the faculty or its lack of action. But I suggest that its conduct during the Meredith crisis, and the attention that conduct received, constitute material for some interesting academic meditation. What is expected of professors and teachers in the way of public commitment in time of crisis? Does it make any difference if the crisis is on the campus and involves student riots and death? What role do learning and historical awareness play in time of public conflict? Does learning entail responsibility? A few years ago, it was commonplace to hear in faculty lounges that German professors and intellectuals shared a great guilt for not speaking out during Hitler's rise to power. "They failed to keep the beacon light of freedom and right burning during the night of tyranny," William L. Shirer quoted Julius Ebbinghaus. Do we expect *our* professors to keep lights of freedom and right burning? How do they go about it? Was it done in Mississippi?

SOME of the public reaction to the faculty silence in Mississippi is an interesting commentary on these questions. During the week of Meredith's registration, the Louisville *Times,* under a three-column headline on page one, ran a Chicago Daily News Service story from Oxford. Said the headline, "Ole Miss Faculty Would Rather Eat Than Speak." The story included accounts of interviews with two faculty members, both of whom chose to remain anonymous. One was quoted as saying his job depended on silence in this situation. The other was quoted as saying that there was freedom of speech at the university all right, but that freedom did not give anyone the right to yell fire in a crowded theatre. It was not clear from the news story just how this analogy was to be applied.

A few weeks later, a Jesuit correspondent for *America* wrote from Louisiana that he thought the University of Mississippi was in for a time of soul searching, and he observed, "Professors of the university, unwilling to jeopardize their jobs, if not more, had tallied up few points for heroism. . . ."

On the other hand, the faculty silence met with approval and even commendation in some circles. The Chancellor of the University of Mississippi, J. D. Williams, reportedly "congratulated and commended" his faculty on their conduct during the crisis. Also, some outside organizations publicly complimented the faculty. The Minnesota Chapter of the AAUP, for example, sent the Mississippi faculty an official letter saying:

> The Council of the Minnesota Conference, AAUP, wishes to commend the faculty of the University of Mississippi for their fine sense of responsibility shown by accepting James Meredith in their classes and offering to him the same educational opportunity as that offered to other students.

Privately, Minnesota AAUP leaders explained that of all groups involved in the Mississippi struggle—students, townspeople, administrators, politicians, faculty—the faculty acted with the most restraint and thus won its laurels by default.

CLEARLY, there are several ways of looking at the faculty conduct in this matter. It seems to me that some public discussion of a faculty's proper role and responsibility in time of crisis is now needed.

Historically, there is considerable justification for the silence of the faculty during crisis on the campus. Our society has almost always been more comfortable when the professor lectures only in the classroom, a fact that some have interpreted as a further evidence of national anti-intellectualism. In 1956, Howard Mumford Jones summed up the historical reality in a speech on "The Service of the University," delivered before a University of North Dakota audience:

> . . . In point of law, the American professor is nothing more than the hired employee of a corporate body over which he has no control. . . .
>
> In law . . . the university as an autonomous congregation of scholars engaged in the discovery, preservation, and inculcation of truth does not exist. All that exists is a board of trustees or regents charged with the duty of hiring persons by contract to do certain acts. . . . The American concept is in no way (except as an afterthought) the concept of a congregation of scholars engaged in discovering and preserving truth; it is, instead, the concept of an arm of the state intended to get things done or authorizing other persons to hire certain persons to get things done.

Viewed from this perspective, the university professor has a responsibility *not* to concern himself with campus conflicts unless he is spe-

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cifically hired to do so. The professor has no more right or responsibility to speak out than the cook in the cafeteria or the man who blows up the basketballs.

Artistically, there is a growing body of commentary on the existential reality in the American university that would tend to explain faculty silence psychologically rather than legally. Practically every one of the dozen or so academic novels published in the past few years pictures the university faculty as made up of persons interested in anything but "the light of freedom and right." Indeed, if we accept the novelists' picture of academic life in America, we would conclude not only that administrators expect silence from professors, but that professors who were brave enough to disobey and speak out would have nothing to say any more. "Teaching is a noble profession with a noble history," says Gabe in Philip Roth's *Letting Go*. "And it may simply be that we are living through a slack time."

Perhaps the best illustration for our present purpose would be the exchange in Malamud's *A New Life*, in which the veteran professor Gilley introduces the new English instructor Levin to the practical realities. "We don't pretend we're anything more than a typical American state college," said Gilley. "The atmosphere is relaxed. . . . There are no geniuses around to make you uncomfortable. . . . We don't ask more than that a man does his work conscientiously —his share of it. What we don't want

around are troublemakers." And Gilley's point is emphasized by the recounting of the experiences of a previous instructor who had interested himself in social causes, was branded a "radical," publicly fired and eventually committed suicide.

Almost every character in the contemporary academic novel — from those by Malamud and Stringfellow Barr to those by Mary McCarthy and Carlos Baker and Philip Roth — would rather eat than speak. Perhaps it is important that no champion of faculty honor has yet arisen to set these carping artists straight. Perhaps in Mississippi we encountered another case of life imitating art.

INTELLECTUALLY, American professors have little difficulty justifying silence in times of trouble. Comments by academicians often contain straightforward statements to the effect that it is foolish to jeopardize the payments on the house, or the comfortable middle-class routine, or the daughter's promising flute lessons, by becoming involved in the struggles in the community or by attempting publicly to apply historical wisdom to contemporary problems. Oscar Mandel, for example, in the *Virginia Quarterly Review*, a few years ago wrote an essay which tended, generally, to discourage action by the cultured man; it can be used as a kind of instant rationalization by any professor who would rather eat than speak.

Similar advice appears regularly in scholarly journals—a recent essay by the University of Louisville's Earl Rovit in the AAUP *Bulletin* for example, carried the same message. The days of the idealistically motivated professor seem gone.

I suspect that it was an awareness of this attitude of expedient withdrawal that prompted the president of the New York City Central Labor Council a year or so ago to beg the intellectual to rejoin forces with organized labor. There is no record, though, that the intellectual responded to the invitation.

Yet with all of this explanation and hard-headed justification, there is still some gnawing notion, perhaps buried in our romantic cultural subconscious, that the responsibility to speak clearly and sanely in time of violence and crisis is a responsibility that goes along with the advantages of learning. There is also a kind of folk notion, perhaps implied in the Louisville *Times* headline and in the comment from the Jesuit in Louisiana, that a teacher ought to be just a bit more conscious of principle than other men. We need to talk about these things. I think it would be most unwise if we were to treat with silence the faculty silence in Mississippi.

THE SAN DIEGO STORY . . *by Wesley Marx*

San Diego

CALIFORNIA'S rise to the top of the state population standings has been cheered on by several mass magazines who idolize the new demographic champ as a "look at the future." A look, even a slight glance, at one particular city in California shows that the future is not entirely rosy. Faced with the most critical unemployment problem west of the Mississippi River, San Diego is a defense widow who can't even take care of her own. The city's plight, and California's growing worry over providing, state-wide, a quarter of a million new jobs a year, revolve around the fact that the federal government contributes to a problem it is supposed to alleviate—unemployment.

San Diego is the modern version of a company town. More than one major manufacturer exists in San Diego, but there is only one main financier and customer—the Defense Department. Before the fickle-hearted Big Spender from Washington arrived on the scene, this city marketed its natural resources — a handsome seascape and a sunny clime — as a tourist and retirement center. In 1920, the city fathers began looking for something beyond tourism to swell the municipal coffers. They found what they wanted in the U.S.

WESLEY MARX contributes to a number of West Coast magazines.

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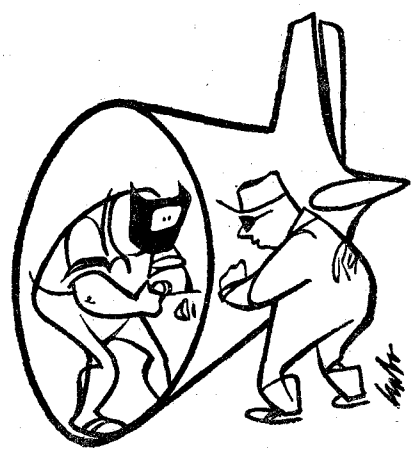
Navy, which much admired the city's strategic harbor. After the city fathers had offered some shoreline gratis, the Navy established a training center. Today, twenty-one Navy and Marine installations account for San Diego's second largest source of income.

The primary source, the defense business, came in 1933 when Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Company was lured from Buffalo by the traditional offer of a bargain lease on civic land. Consolidated evolved into the Convair Division of General Dynamics, which is now the leading manufacturer in a city where, until recently, manufacturing was the number one industry in point of employment and two out of three workers were in aerospace plants.

BECAUSE the city's economic destiny now rests in the hands of Washington, San Diego's attitude toward federal spending has become ambivalent. Briefly, increased federal spending and activity is okay as long as these are in the interests of national defense. Other forms of federal expenditures are often regarded as threats to national defense. Accordingly, the Copley Press—owner of the only two newspapers in San Diego—editorializes: "The only logical way to meet the defensive drain on the U.S. Treasury is to abstain from many of the domestic frills Kennedy would provide."

San Diego's Representative in Congress, Robert Wilson (R.), thinks the same way. Trumpets one San Diego *Union* headline, "Non-Military Expenditures Threat to U.S., Wilson Says." The "threats" are measures designed to give the federal government a more constructive and responsible role commensurate with the government's increased impact on the economy through its $50 billion defense budgets. Wilson has voted against federal aid for retraining workers, the depressed-areas bill and the accelerated public-works bill. But Wilson is always interested in counseling the Department of Defense, i.e., warning it against "shutting down the assembly lines on the world's fastest jet interceptor" — which happened to be Convair's F-106.

The Copley-Wilson brand of defense prosperity flourished in San Diego in the 1950s. Spurred by an economy 70 per cent defense-oriented, the community proclaimed itself the nation's fastest-growing city in the last decade (population: 1950, 334,387; 1960, 573,224). For more class, the city created an Industrial Development Commission to diversify the industrial base with the usual lures. Some 500 acres of civic land would be developed into a research and industrial park and offered at bargain prices to attract outside industry. The Chamber of Commerce portrayed San Diego as a City in Motion which Thinks BIG (Build Industrial Growth). The Traveling



Industrial Drummers spread the civic gospel, "San Diego Has It," throughout the land.

IN JUNE of 1960, in the midst of this business evangelism, San Diego became a critical labor-surplus area as aircraft production lines began phasing out in favor of more automated electronic and missile work. Convair, attempting to prolong its military aircraft capability in the commercial jet field, made public its failure in May of 1961 by laying off workers. Layoffs in San Diego jumped to around 1,200 a month as Convair's work force dwindled from 22,000 to 6,000.

With unemployment over the 8 per cent level (29,000 jobless), the city earnestly reviewed its diversification efforts. In a brochure entitled "Highlights of the 1961 Build Industrial Growth Program," the Chamber of Commerce announced that new industries had added a total of 343 jobs to the work force—about equal to one busy week of layoffs at Convair. Realtors grumbled about City Hall competition as the civic industrial park attracted more San Diego-based companies than outside firms. Retraining offered little relief. "To qualify for retraining, the worker has to find a skill needed in San Diego," explained a local official of the State Department of Employment. "San Diego just doesn't offer a market for a wide variety of skills." Commented Frederick Ryan, Professor of Economics at San Diego State College, in *Frontier*: ". . . the 'Think Big' Scheme is nothing more or less than the expression of a wish that sucker money will appear on the scene. It also has a side effect of possibly convincing some of the citizens that an effort is being made to meet the problem of unemployment realistically."

With its illusions of industrial grandeur collapsing, the city turned again to the source of its economic livelihood—the Department of Defense. A Convair employee wrote a parody of *Roll Out the Barrel* — "Now's the time to roll out the contracts/For the gang's all here!" Aerospace workers telegraphed President Kennedy, urging more defense contracts. "We based our request on competence, not on unemployment," explains John Collins, president of the Machinists' local.

THE city was now caught in a trap partly of its own making. In Congress, each state vies to get "its fair share" of the $50 billion defense budget. The "haves" always fight to keep contracts from going to the "have nots," whose pleas for relief are derided as "political." California officials, today assailed by the East for the westward flow of defense contracts, can't afford to use the techniques it has attacked other states for using. Wilson favors the formation of a San Diego "defense lobby" in Washington, perhaps headed by a retired flag officer, which "could help bird-dog government contracts." Meanwhile, San Diego's defense recession deepens. Manufacturing employment has retrogressed to six-year-old levels and total employment, responding more quickly now to the over-all results of the cutbacks, is slipping fast to two-year-old levels. *Time* magazine recently intro-

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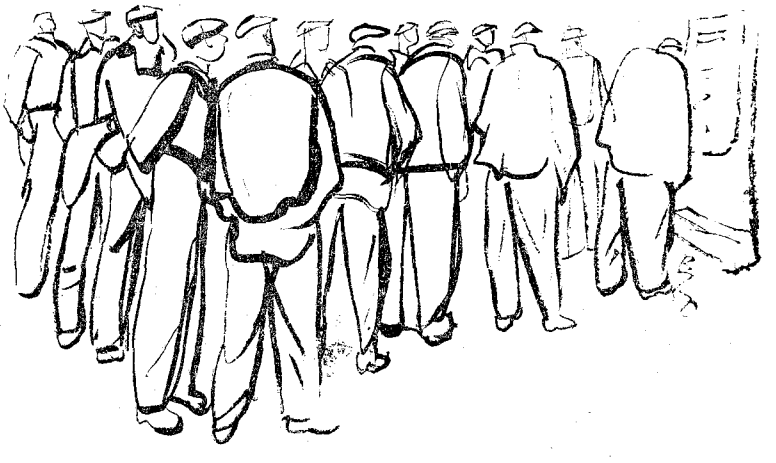
duced San Diego to the nation as "Bust Town," where retail sales are dropping, office and rental space is overbuilt and the influx of new residents is down. Harboring an unemployed labor force that receives up to $2 million monthly in unemployment benefits merely creates further frustration for the city. One councilman, Allen Hitch, unsuccessfully advocated shipping unemployed men and their families to a surplus Marine camp so they could be fed and housed more cheaply, according to *San Diego Magazine*. The State Department of Employment attributes the major brake to a higher unemployment rate (presently fluctuating between 7 and 8 per cent) to "a continuing out-migration of workers from the area"—a serious drawback to a city which wants to Think BIG. The only major category of employment which has shown important gains is government (primarily Navy civilian work); today it is the city's largest single source of employment —and ties San Diego's economic destiny even more closely to the Defense Department.

Brightest hope for the city is not a fat defense contract or an outside firm thinking BIG, but a form of federal spending which San Diego's Congressional representative vigorously opposes. The city is planning a $15 million program of civic improvements, with half the funds coming from the federal government under the accelerated Public Works Program (a Kennedy measure Wilson voted against). San Diego qualifies for the aid under the guide lines set by the Area Redevelopment Agency (another federal agency Wilson unsuccessfully opposed). The agency says San Diego qualifies as one of the four major "recessed" industrial areas in the nation. (Toledo, Buffalo and Philadelphia are the others.) Besides unemployment, the civic projects will combat other detrimental legacies of the defense industry. In *Land Economics,* Professor Ryan listed such legacies as polluted air and water; loss of seaside developments and planned recreational areas; destruction of beauty spots by bulldozers engaged in flattening the land for subdivisions; and an increase in noise, dirt and trash. In the defense boom of the 50s, the city resisted tax increases for civic improvements because the business community said a low tax rate would attract diversified industry (which never came). The public-works program will help correct such neglect. San Diego is also vigorously expanding its port facilities to service civilian as well as military traffic.

SAN DIEGO'S mistakes, at most, boil down to lack of farsighted realism which, at best, could only hope to soften, not solve, the effects of mass defense layoffs. In an economy ultimately controlled by Washington, local enterprise has its limits. "We just can't handle these layoffs by ourselves," says Pat Branin, administrative assistant to Mayor Charles Dail. As Al Hayes, president of the International Association of Machinists, said in a visit to San Diego this March, "The government is the primary investor and major consumer in the aerospace industry, but it subsidizes everything except the welfare of the work force." Planning for the welfare of aerospace workers and the communities they work in just does not match the planning or priority accorded to weapons systems.

When the major alternative to defense cutbacks is defense recessions such as in San Diego, no economy—nor the people in that economy—can be called truly free. The United States cannot afford the luxury of postponing plans for defense cutbacks until the uncertain eventuality of disarmament. But the federal government can take steps to avoid forsaking its defense widows. San Diego's accelerated public-works program demonstrates how the federal government can take a constructive and responsible role in an economy which must respond more and more to the demands of $50 billion defense budgets. Utilizing present work forces and facilities, rather than creating new defense complexes and a migratory defense work force, might prove more beneficial, both in an economic and social sense. As Atlas missile workers in San Diego face layoffs, the government is financing a new missile plant in New Orleans, including worker recruitment and training.

San Diego's dependence on a public economy is duplicated in California itself, where a recent study by Pomona College says 30 per cent of the state's gainful employment is now related directly or indirectly to defense spending. A reduction of 30 per cent in military spending in Hawaii would be "disastrous," according to an economic report by Dr. Richard Ratcliff of the University of Wisconsin. In a democratic society, government has a responsibility to fit such an economic factor into the nation's life without the undue social dislocations and hardships occurring in San Diego. President Kennedy stated this in principle when he addressed Congress on his new trade policy: "Just as the federal government has assisted in personal adjustments made necessary by military service . . . so there is an obligation to render assistance to those who suffer as a result of national trade policy." As long as the nation fails to recognize that national security in the cold-war era involves workers as well as weapons, the federal government will continue to forsake defense widows who can't take care of their own.



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BOOKS and the ARTS

Recent Fiction, Part I

'When Film Gets Good . . .'

Terry Southern

THE QUALITY of fiction seems much improved over that of recent years—that is to say, more fully exploits the known, or at least presently accepted, potentials of the medium. From another point of view, however, there is scarcely a handful, or let us say armload, of these books that is worth a single reel of *L'Avventura, Jules and Jim,* or a number of other recent films.

It used to be that books were to be more highly regarded than plays, and that plays, in turn, were better than movies. It was not the advent of television itself that rattled this hierarchy, but the fact that, seven or eight years ago, all the major film studios, to improve poor balance sheets, began unloading their entire back catalogues of films onto the TV networks. It was then possible to see, free and in the comfort of home, the *exact type* of film which was being shown outside; and people by the millions started kicking the movie habit—lending breakneck acceleration to the decline in movie attendance—until, in 1959, it was 50 per cent of what it had been before TV, and still dropping. It was recognized that a "different" type of general film than was being seen at home would have to be created to bring people back into the theatres. And here a felicitous occurrence: while the old guard of the American film industry pondered on how to create a film which was different and yet still lousy, other interested persons noted that a number of "cheap foreign films" were filling the theatres. And these films *were* different, categorically different—the difference, one must say, between good and bad. At last it had been proved that it was economically feasible to make and distribute good movies instead of bad ones. This led to the wholesale importation of films from cultures which had known this for a long time, and it also gave rise to "independent production" in America. Now, when Film gets good, Book is in trouble. Theoretically, it is not possible for a book to compete, aesthetically, psychologically, or in any other way, with a film. Of sensory perceptions it is well established that the most empathetic are *sight* and *sound.* It is for this reason that to *see* someone badly hurt, for example, hit by a car, bleeding, crying with pain, is a totally different experience from reading about it in the paper. In short, next to having been the victim oneself, the most meaningful thing would be to have witnessed it firsthand. "Seeing," as they say, "is believing." Film, by its very nature, more closely approximates first-hand experience than does print. And there, of course, the advantage only begins.

What these new developments mean in terms of the novel is something which seems so far to have been ignored in literary criticism and, at least consciously, by authors themselves. It has become evident that it is wasteful, pointless, and in terms of art, inexcusable, to write a novel which could, or in fact should, have been a film. This ought to be a first principle of creative literature and of its critical evaluation; without it the novel, in the present circumstances, has only a secondary function as art. The recent improvement in the quality of fiction is not due to the sudden excellence of films (and to the necessity for the novel to keep ahead of them), but to the fact that with the publication of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and Henry Miller's *Tropics*—along with the favorable court decisions about their legality—the publishing field is now wide open, and both publishers and authors have become bolder.

UNFORTUNATELY, though, most novels continue to be written as though they were supposed to be nothing more nor less than good movies—or rather what *would* have been a good movie by the old standards, but is now Class B. A primary example from recent fiction of this sort is *Ship of Fools.* There is probably not a line, an image, scene, or technique in this large book which could not have been done, with infinitely more grace and drama, by a film-maker *using methods now in practice* (emphasis is there because, although the film medium itself is capable of anything, even introspective narration, it would be irrelevant to compare a novel to cinematic techniques not already in use). *Ship of Fools* is to be considered a good novel, but only by persons unaware of present possibilities or new demands—that is to say, it has that sort of existential maturity of outlook and conclusion on life and relationships requisite to so-called serious fiction, it does not lapse too often into sentimentality, avoids seeming foolishly romantic; it is even, one might say, cynical: the "Ship" is Life, and we are the "Fools." This, however, is not enough; it has been done before, so what is the point? It could be a good, entertaining movie; but it is not a good book, almost for that reason.

Another case in point, though to a different end, is Jones's *The Thin Red Line.* This book has the surface appearance of the cinematic-novel, but it is so far in advance of any film treatment of war that it is overwhelmingly successful. If nothing else, the preponderance of four-letter words, not merely in dialogue, but in the text itself—and which are vital to the tone of the work—would put it beyond the

James Baldwin. *Another Country.* Dial. $5.95.
David Benedictus. *The Fourth of June.* Dutton. $3.95.
William Golding. *The Inheritors.* Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.50.
Robert Gover. *One Hundred Dollar Misunderstanding.* Grove. $3.95.
Graham Greene. *It's a Battlefield.* Viking. $3.95.
James Jones. *The Thin Red Line.* Scribner's. $5.95.
Peter Matthiessen. *Under the Mountain Wall.* Viking. $7.50.
Henry Miller. *Tropic of Capricorn.* Grove. $7.50.
Adrian Mitchell. *If You See Me Comin'.* Macmillan. $3.95.
Vladimir Nabokov. *Pale Fire.* Putnam's. $5.
Flannery O'Connor. *Wise Blood.* Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $4.50.
Katherine Anne Porter. *Ship of Fools.* Little, Brown. $6.50.
Igor Sentjurc. *The Torrents of War.* McKay. $4.95.
Ignazio Silone. *Bread and Wine.* Atheneum. $5.
John Wain. *Strike the Father Dead.* St Martin's. $4.95.
John A. Williams. *Night Song.* Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $3.50.

TERRY SOUTHERN has written The Magic Christian *(Random House) and* Flash and Filigree *(Coward-McCann).*

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present cinematic pale. Moreover, such images as: "Through the glasses Stein could see the blue-veined loops of intestines bulging between the blood-stained fingers . . ." are not apt to be done in the required technicolor for a very long time to come. This is surely one of the strongest and most effective war novels ever written; even its immense length and Jones's habit, or method, if it is that, of redundance ("Some were simply watchers, standing and looking.") work to advantage, suggesting the insane confusion, tedium and the endlessness of war. And there is behind the work a new kind of narrative; it is the "omniscient author" taken toward a logical extreme, where the narration itself, although faceless, without personality, expresses feelings, both of individuals and collectively, in their own terms. For a mild, printable, example, the narration will not say "Welsh was still angry about it" but "Welsh was still pissed-off about it." Narration which uses four-letter idiom traditionally requires that the narrator emerge as a personality. Jones has ignored this requirement and has given the purely textual part of his work a tone which is in perfect harmony with each incident and character it describes.

WAR NOVELS present a curious creative problem, for no matter how "anti-war" they ostensibly are, they never wholly convey their position. The reason for this is that the worst aspect of war cannot be treated dramatically—the worst aspect being those moments when men are reduced, by pain, fear, shock, or hunger, to a level of mere survival-reflex. At these moments, men cease to exist as personalities—they are no longer distinguishable, one from another. Without personality, or human behavior, you cannot have drama—you have only identical ciphers, or animals. So that while a novel, as an antidote to chauvinistic myths of glory and adventure, may attempt to portray war truthfully, showing its horror, degradation, brutality, filth and privation, it can never quite reach full strength, because there is always that one area which is beyond dramatic treatment, and which is the worst of all. Given that inherent limitation, Jones's achievement is most certainly a remarkable one; if *The Thin Red Line* does not wholly de-glamorize war, it probably comes as near doing so as is possible.

Another recent major war novel, though in completely traditional format, is *The Torrents of War,* by Igor Sentjurc. War seen through the eyes of the German Army—as represented here by a naive young doctor and a sadistic infantry sergeant. It treats the involvement of the healer and the killer, during the battle of Stalingrad, and like Jones's novel it is unsparing in its disenchantment. The thesis of both these strong novels would seem to be that the means of war vitiate the ends. This represents a significant departure from the Hemingway attitude, which, with the notable exception of *The Naked and the Dead,* has so long dominated our war fiction.

As for recently published novels which more clearly distinguish themselves as non-cinematic, *Pale Fire, Tropic of Capricorn* and *One Hundred Dollar Misunderstanding* are perhaps foremost. *Pale Fire* is an extremely complex novel, and an uproariously funny one. It concerns the line-by-line interpretation of a 999-line poem, by a scholar who is gradually revealed in his journal ("an awkward moment at the pool today," "unfortunate incident in the locker room," etc.) to be, among other things, a raving faggot. A waspish and self-centered man, his homosexuality is, of course, but symptomatic of the general neurosis (in the end, absolute lunacy) which so strongly shapes his interpretations of the poem, as does his highly personal attitude toward the poet himself. It is a devastating ridicule of literary criticism, or any likely "objectivity" of it. This is, however, but a single deceptive surface of this extraordinary novel. There is a brilliant twenty-page analysis of *Pale Fire* in the October *Encounter,* by Mary McCarthy, which should enhance anyone's appreciation of what is surely one of Nabokov's finest novels.

Tropic of Capricorn is Henry Miller's internationally famous book about growing up absurd in America, now issued here for the first time, twenty-three years after it was written. Except for *Tropic of Cancer,* it is unlike anything that has ever been published in America. In many respects it is even more impressive than the earlier volume, because of the intensity with which Miller explores the sources of his life, and his relentless efforts to formulate a rational attitude toward his country. Like *Tropic of Cancer,* it is hilariously Rabelaisian, but its essential qualities remain, as in the earlier volume, its adult honesty and straightforwardness. The publication of the *Tropics,* and the imminent publication of Burroughs' *Naked Lunch,* do a great deal toward raising creative expression to a new level; and their public acceptance serves to emancipate publishers from the chronic fear of whatever is new, or "formless." Such books are of real value in the scheme of things; because they are still in advance of cinematic methods, they make literature purposeful. The same may be said of *Pale Fire* and *One Hundred Dollar Misunderstanding*; generally it requires a book which may at least be *suspected* of "obscenity" to make an appreciable splash.

One Hundred Dollar Misunderstanding is a novel by Robert Gover, a new writer of obviously great talent. It gives us the thoughts of James Cartwright Holland, a very dumb American college boy, who seems too typical for comfort, and alternately the thoughts of Kitten, a fourteen-year-old Negro prostitute, who is probably as refreshing a mixture of innocence and wisdom as has been concocted since Salinger's Teddy. The "misunderstanding" develops when James C. Holland, having been badgered into it by some of his frat brothers, goes to "this Negro ill-repute house." After demonstrating his virility, he suggests that he and the girl, Kitten, spend the weekend together, which they do. She assumes that it is either an ordinary business proposition, in which case it will be one hundred dollars, or else that James C. will become a kind of sugar-daddy "invessment"; he, in turn, assumes that she is emotionally involved with him. She is completely illiterate and speaks in an outlandish Negro-jazz argot, and he like an amateur Senator Dirksen. Neither can understand a word the other is saying, and they simply marvel at each other's stupidity. This gives rise to fantastic private speculations on the part of each, especially the girl, whose insights and comments on white-man civilization are scathing.

AS TO scathing comment, James Baldwin has finally written his own "protest novel," *Another Country,* and it is a lulu. Many people are going to be put off, right and left, by the sheer truth of it. It is not an *ideal* truth, but it is definitely one man's truth, and the suggestion that it may be a general truth is forcefully put. In essence it is this: that if a person, or a group of them, has been severely mistreated, there is no immediate redress—that even when

Bird Song

A bird sits on a fence;
The world outside us is just a picture of that within.
His song is the one thing that passes through the bars.

Theodore Holmes

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mistreatment ends, hatred for the oppressor remains, as does the oppressor's sense of guilt; it is, then, unrealistic to expect anything short of hatred from Negroes toward whites—not as a matter of volition, or principle, but as a fundamental of psychology. It would be *nice* if one could forgive, Mr. Baldwin is saying, and it would be nice if one could fly. This is hardly the most popular viewpoint; it does not, however, seem to have been expressed in anger, but in reflection—and its validity lies simply in the fact of its understandable existence. The author does not preclude relationships of unlimited warmth, rapport—"love," if you like—between colored and white, but makes clear that no such thing is to be expected, and is, in fact, the exception that proves the rule. The designation, "Another Country" (as in the exasperated phrase "That's *something else!*"), refers to America, and the novel deals with a year in the lives of seven or eight principal characters, the central one of whom is a jazz musician. There is probably enough sex in this novel for every taste, and some of it not too tasteful at that—as is, one may suppose, the case in life. Although of rather ordinary cinematic format, *Another Country,* by virtue of its introspection, its sexual detail, its realistic dialogue, and its unpopular truths, falls outside the current limitations of film.

A second novel with a colored jazz musician as its central figure—and one of the best treatments of this milieu yet written—is John Williams' *Night Song.* The hero is a saxophonist named Richie Stokes and directly parallels the life and character of the late Charlie Parker. As with Parker, everything Richie (whose nickname is "Eagle") does, whether with drugs or musical conceptions, is on a monumental scale. Williams has succeeded in several difficult areas, including the rendition of jazz argot without seeming to parody it. While on the road, for example, the band manager has assigned a young tenor man to look after Richie, to make sure he shows up for the concert that night. The young man stops by the Eagle's room:

> "You almost ready?" he asks.
> "I stay ready, baby. Anybody readier got to go by me."
> "I'm hip they do, Richie."

In this brief exchange Mr. Williams captures not merely the adulation of the young man for the master, but the fact that he is wistfully humoring him, even sadly foreseeing his doom. This is in sharp contrast to the abuse of this same argot as it occurs in another recent jazz novel, *If You See Me Comin',* by the English writer, Adrian Mitchell, which purports to be a week in the life of a blues singer:

> "Who would you like to see as Prime Minister?"
> "Johnny Dankworth," I said. "Or Fidel Castro, with Michael Foot blowing Foreign Secretary."

If Williams' novel is one of the best on the subject, *If You See Me Comin'* is probably the worst. English writers should, on no account, write about jazz. Even that intrepid and mellowing old pro, John Wain, botches that aspect in his latest, *Strike the Father Dead*—a calm and all too likely tale of the son who runs away to become a jazz pianist, and takes as mentor (and father substitute) a gently philosophic American Negro jazz musician. In putting aside his angry youth, Mr. Wain has also disposed of his power to surprise. But, of course, there'll always be an English Angry, and young David Benedictus has come through now in admirable fashion with his first novel, *The Fourth of June,* a sort of Fellini version of *Tom Brown's School Days.* The cruelty and snobbism of Eton provide the backdrop for this extremely funny and superbly written book. Mr. Benedictus' style is almost as deft as was the young Evelyn Waugh's, and his anger is as real—but unlike Waugh's it seems neither bitter nor brittle. At times, in fact, there is that remarkable infusion of strange soft-focused warmth reminiscent of scenes (on the library steps at night) in *Portrait of the Artist.* Along with other gifts, Mr. Benedictus has the rare ability to make the unknown seem familiar.

IF ENGLAND has become notorious for Young Angries, it has always been so for Old Eccentrics. Mr. William Golding belongs to the latter. No one could have written four more odd or outlandishly creative books than he has. He has told us how it feels to go insane, to drown, to commit suicide, to be dead, to be a child—all in an uncannily convincing manner. He is certainly one of the most original writers of the day. But in his new book, *The Inheritors,* he tells us how it feels to be a Neanderthal man, and here he has perhaps gone a bit too far. This is so nearly anthropomorphic that it can only remind one of the well-known story about the Hollywood producer who, having heard that Maeterlinck's *"Life"* (as it was popularly called) had sold eight million copies, bought the film rights, then, upon reading it, went into a towering rage. "This is impossible," he kept shouting, "the hero's a goddam *bug!*"

Fictional heroes with names like Lok, Oa and Fa somehow already suggest a questionable scope of dramatic action, allegorical or otherwise, and when each is saddled with an I.Q. of about 8, things are bound to be slow. The big question is: can the reader identify with a Neanderthal man? There *is* such a thing as "writing down" to an audience, granted—but *this* is nothing short of insulting.

A more plausible (non-fiction) treatment of this kind of thing would seem to be suggested by Peter Matthiessen's *Under the Mountain Wall,* a highly creative portrayal of the Kurelu natives of New Guinea—a tribe which still lives in the Stone Age, and very much in the purity and innocence which Mr. Golding attributes to his own imaginary characters. They inhabit a remote landlocked valley beneath the Snow Mountains in an unmapped section of western New Guinea, and they are believed to be the most primitive culture in existence. Mr. Matthiessen lived with the tribe during the spring and summer of 1961, "because the Kurelu offered a unique chance, perhaps the last, to describe a lost culture in the terrible beauty of its pure estate." He has managed this description in a most extraordinary and successful way, by giving us the story of a warrior named Weaklekek, and a swineherd, Tukum, through their own eyes. The events of the story are totally absorbing, including as they do the ritualistic, but very real, tribal war which is fought each year. (When a warrior is killed in battle, the burial ceremony includes cutting off a finger of a young girl in sacrifice.) The implements and weapons of the Kurelu are made of wood and stone, and the monetary unit is the conch. Through the use of a prose which is structured in folk-tale cadence, the author has conveyed the strange existence of a Stone-Age people in a beautifully poetic way.

FINALLY now, there have been at least three cases of late of the reissuance of good books which were out of print in their hard-cover editions: Flannery O'Connor's *Wise Blood,* Silone's *Bread and Wine* and Graham Greene's *It's a Battlefield.* Surely this is more to the point than the publication of new books which are patently worthless. The latter two, interestingly enough, are described as "revised editions," but these revisions—the picayune and idiosyncratic notions of their authors—have not blighted their original quality, nor do they obscure the very encouraging sign which their being reissued (just as they were) really is.

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The Person of Poe

POE: A BIOGRAPHY. By William Bittner. Little, Brown and Company, 306 pp. $6.50.

Edward H. Davidson

THE BATTLE for Poe continues. The lines of engagement are sharply drawn between those who see Poe as Baudelaire saw him — the demon-driven writer and the outcast of society — and those who would make Poe readily understandable to the twentieth century. The issue is not so much to determine the reputation of Poe, and certainly it is not to place Poe as a man of letters in the modern world: the argument is over the person of Poe.

Mr. Bittner, the latest to enter this engagement, has chosen to see Poe as a quite obviously normal man who lived his days and nights with nagging worries, an inability to conform to the rules of life in the early Victorian era, and an unwillingness to use his talents in the best way he might have employed them. To be sure, Poe did get drunk; he was foolish when he had chances to improve his lot; he was silly with women; and he was a remarkably successful editor who ballooned the subscription lists of magazines and became an overnight sensation with "The Raven." In this portrait of Poe we see all the lines of a quite normal man whose curious improvidence and whose odd flair for writing have made him a person of interest long after he died.

In this interpretation Poe's writings are all ordinary, normal and commonplace too. They mirror at every turn the day-to-day notions, opinions and private troubles which teased Poe's mind or darkened his days. Whatever Poe was thinking or doing, the poem or short story thinks or does: this two-dimensional formula can be read in endless ways. Helen in the poem "To Helen" is simply Mrs. Jane Stanard, whose first name Poe thought "common and harsh-sounding" and changed to the Grecian Helen. "Metzengerstein" served Poe "as effective therapy in helping him sort out his feelings about John Allan," his foster-father. "Destroying Allan's image . . . destroyed all the resentment." "The Fall of the House of Usher" was a recollection of Poe's "bouts of conscience over his debts at the University" of Virginia. "The Black Cat" was a study in "the effects of alcohol; writing it must have been torture beyond masochism." These are a few of the critical comments which suppose that all any writing does is to present the mood or idea which, for the moment, delights or nags the writer.

Mr. Bittner has sought to see Poe plain. Even though he nods occasionally in the direction of psychological theory, he has eschewed the trappings of analysis. Indeed, every turn and theory of recent literary study for the past quarter century — a period which has been seeing not only Poe but the whole Romantic mind anew — have been so sedulously avoided that one is tempted to believe that this critical biography was intended, not to put Poe in the times in which he lived, but to rescue Poe from everything that denotes the modern critical sensibility. Thus Mr. Bittner has made Poe such a little man — the bickerings, the waspish ripostes to trivial slurs, the whinings and complainings — that the writings become merely exposures of that littleness.

Surely the workings of Poe's imagination were not so jejunely ordered and surely the poems and tales deserve more consideration than a simple biographical equation. If one wants a book about the petty life of Poe, he may read Mr. Bittner's study. The other, the major Poe, is somewhere else.

EDWARD H. DAVIDSON, who is visiting professor of English Literature at Harvard, is the author of Poe: A Critical Study *(Harvard University Press).*

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

AS BROADWAY goes, *Tchin-Tchin* (Plymouth Theatre) is an entertaining show. It is not, however, a sound play.

The original French text by the actor-dramatist Francois Billetdoux was produced at the Pocket Theatre in Paris—a house seating about 150 persons. Reading it, one has a sense of a wryly stylized comedy—a sort of evocative line drawing —more mood than story, more suggestion than statement wrought from the sentiment of loss and loneliness. The atmosphere is strange, humorously grotesque without decisive emphasis, which nevertheless leaves an aftereffect of abiding sadness overlaid by ambiguous laughter. It is an extended sketch, basically modest, a quality that lends it grace.

The specific ache which the frail plot dramatizes arises from the infidelity of a woman whose husband still loves her and the faithlessness of a husband whose wife has sacrificed her abilities and energies to him. The betrayers are having an affair with each other. The deceived husband and the wronged wife —he an emotionally candid Italian, she a sober and straitlaced English lady—are drawn together by their mutual misfortune and distress. What they have in common is their separate states of abandonment, longing, uprootedness. Both have been flung out of the orbit and context of normal social contact. They drink themselves into dereliction.

Their togetherness at the end is the companionship of two equally wrecked souls whose union is made complete through their lack of hope or of connection with worldly routine and discipline.

What gives the original *Tchin-Tchin* a certain stature is the manner by which its anecdote of the battered couple, both victims of adultery, is somehow made symbolic of the condition and posture of modern man—his dreadful isolation—as the French (existentialists) frequently describe it. We are together only as we realize our separateness and feel the wound of the enormous yearning that this void creates in us. But Billetdoux had the taste or artistic discretion not to lay it on thick, but rather to pass it off as a comic *"jeu de coeur"!*

Sidney Michaels' talented adaptation retains a considerable amount of the play's original quality. But possibly without meaning to, the New York production falsifies it. Many of the scenes are rendered farcical—which, for all its oddity, the French script never is. The gags that have been introduced tend to demean the shy agony of the play. Despite their intention of simplicity, Will Steven Armstrong's expertly designed and handsome settings seem too lush and elaborate for the bareness—even barrenness—which might tune the play to its proper key.

While, under Peter Glenville's direction, Anthony Quinn as the Italian is altogether credible and Margaret Leigh-

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ton brilliantly conveys the funny aspect of British propriety at the same time that she is affecting in the puppylike pathos (or unconscious heartbreak) of the lost lady who hardly realizes what is happening to her, the sum of their performances is that of two excellent actors having a ball. Thus the play becomes a technical or virtuoso display—now laugh-provoking, now touching, but never unified by a central humanity or an organic style.

I am not sure that any one factor is to blame for this—unless it be the Broadway ambiance. Gentle irony and the small voice of ineloquent pain or wistful hurt are feared to be inadequate instruments to catch the numerous crowd (at $6.90 for an orchestra seat) needed for uptown stage success. What is required (it is believed) are "yaks," unmistakable cleverness, bold business, sharp contrasts, sensuous pictures, ostentatious points and the intimation of a happy ending. These have now been provided in *Tchin-Tchin*. So it has become a hit show with a shade of meaning rather than a delicately valid dramatic communication.

THE ENGLISH topical revue *Beyond the Fringe* is a constant delight. When I say "constant" I speak literally: I have seen this entertainment three times (twice in London) and I enjoyed it more at the John Golden Theatre than on either of the previous occasions.

The reason for this may be that *Beyond the Fringe* seems, amid the native platitude, to possess more literate intelligence and a higher degree of pertinence than any of the "straight" plays now being presented (with the exception of . . . *Virginia Woolf*). Both the language and content of *Beyond the Fringe* are remarkable in aptness, variety and humor.

If you wish to know what the keen-witted younger generation of Britain is thinking today you must see this show. It is not enough to say that it is a hilarious attack on the Establishment. It is indirectly a spitball assault on all our establishments. Its havoc is carried out with wonderful dispatch.

From the moment when, at the show's opening, the four men (who compose the cast and have invented its material) make their patriotic attempt to convert a supposed Soviet citizen to admiration for "our way of life" and are hypnotically altered so that they emit a Bronx cheer for their own government, the entertainment never ceases to speed its barbs into our brain and midriff. Macmillan's adenoidal remoteness from the people (a capital caricature by Peter Cook), the footlessness of the "logical positivists" (professorial inanity), the idiocy of those who would allay our fear of nuclear warfare, the silliness of most Shakespearian productions (this bit is a classic), the sentimentalizing of the war years, the intellectual disarray of the official Church (a masterpiece by Alan Bennett), the sugary culture of Myra Hess's piano recitals during the air-raids (ineffably tinkled by the musical clown Dudley Moore), the foghorn and spastic inexpressiveness of the middle-class business man's conviviality (in which all four men haw and humph with inspiration) and the surrealistic genius of Jonathan Miller's grimaces, movements, fancies and insights: all these are explosions which mow us down in a catharsis of laughter. The gentlemen responsible for *Beyond the Fringe* differentiate themselves from the philosophers, in their "Groves of Academe," by being very fond of real life.

This evening of satire derives an aesthetic dimension beyond its corrective force because the players have an ear for every sort of British speech. The inflection and vocabulary of the various classes are caught and obliquely commented on, so that the show becomes a triumph in the stage use of language.

The Messrs. Bennett, Cook, Miller, Moore are all well-educated *amateurs* (one is a doctor, another a historian, a third a musician), yet they are many times more accomplished and devastating performers than most professionals.

ART

Hilton Kramer

THE SHOW called "New Realists," which is currently installed at the Sidney Janis Gallery and in a temporary street-floor annex at 19 West 57 Street, is full of things to talk about. There is a small refrigerator whose door opens to the sound of a fire siren. There is an old-fashioned lawn mower joined to a painting (on canvas) and mounted on a wooden box. There are collections of old sabers and discarded eyeglasses under glass. There are even paintings (like, you know, with *paint* on canvas) of pies and sandwiches and canned soup. There are bath sponges dipped in blue paint; tidy arrangements of toilet articles in boxes; huge blow-ups of details out of comic strips; and mural-size, montage-like paintings and constructions on themes out of movie advertisements. There are also soap dishes, hand tools, radio parts, electrical sockets, old valentines, a kitchen table and various other "found objects," which are painted, glued, nailed and otherwise arranged and redesigned for the purposes of aesthetic display.

The show is thus crammed with visual incident of a kind that abounds, unfocused, in the world around us, but which is here converted to artistic purposes. The conversion to art of this commonplace material is said to carry with it, or at least to imply, some profound commentary on the nature of modern life. Here are the real objects of our civilization, and here is a new generation of artists intent upon dealing with them, openly and honestly—or so we are invited to believe. In his essay for the catalogue, John Ashbery invokes for comparison the role of objects in the works of Robbe-Grillet and Antonioni; and in an excerpt from a work called *A Metamorphosis in Nature*, Pierre Restany brings us the astounding news that modern life is characterized by factories and advertisements. Mr. Janis, perhaps nearer the point, nominates the New Realists (who include Americans like Dine, Lichtenstein and Oldenburg, and Europeans like Tinguely and Baj) as the rightful successors to Abstract Expressionism, and provides them with an impressive historical lineage. (Like all new wonders in art today, the New Realists are acclaimed as both radical innovators and heirs to tradition.) Mr. Janis correctly separates the new work from the motives of the old Dada group, and he goes on to suggest that, in "eschewing pessimism," the New Realists have made something important out of their delight in the objects of modern life. I can report that many visitors to the show find it diverting, amusing and meaningful in precisely these terms.

NOWADAYS a new style of art that showed itself capable of making a clear and powerful statement about life would indeed be an event. But does this exhibition really constitute a serious comment on contemporary life? I don't

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think so. Like nearly all current art, it is only a comment on art. Though born of a yearning to attach itself, somehow, to the vulgar public culture from which formalist art has irrevocably separated itself, it none the less remains hostage to the attenuated highbrow aesthetics from which it seeks so strenuously to escape. Its artistic failure is thus twofold: it neither revivifies the moribund abstract language which determines all its internal decisions, nor does it succeed in conferring new meaning on the objects and motifs of popular culture it seeks to utilize.

This latter failure is perhaps the more notable. The New Realism attempts to take artistic possession of popular culture by means of an irony that is too puny and slack, too thoroughly lacking in ideas or intuitions about anything but art, to do the job it sets itself. Ambitious as the New Realists are to make a raid on the world that exists beyond the limited confines of aesthetic self-consciousness, they only dramatize the radical inability of current aesthetics to deal with worldly experience. Their irony is not comprehensive enough to encompass the brute visual power of the material it attempts to domesticate. Their vision is too tame and accommodating, their concept of art too diffident and insecure, even to conceive of triumphing over the experience they are ineluctably drawn to, and their art thus becomes the victim and satellite of the very energies they yearn to harness and affect. The visual dynamics of mass culture are simply too robust, too ubiquitous and resourceful, to submit to so feeble a challenge.

ONLY a radical and comprehensive vision could hope to penetrate the armor of popular culture and divert its force to some artistic end, and this is what the New Realists conspicuously lack. Neither in ideology nor in aesthetics are they equipped to bring us a new view of the world they seize upon for their material; instead there is the usual attempt to disguise an essentially conformist and Philistine response to modern experience under a banner of audacity and innovation. The main expressive impulse in the New Realism derives not from an original perception of common objects but from devices already widely used (often with great ingenuity and finesse) by sophisticated commercial designers — window decorators and display artists — for exhibiting them in department stores and supermarkets. In aping and adapting these devices (but rarely, I think, improving on them) they add, at best, only the same ineffectual self-consciousness from which their commitment to vulgar objects is intended to deliver them.

Behind this effort of artists to attach themselves to something beyond art and to renegotiate a response to their immediate social environment in a way that transcends the visual sectarianism of abstract art, there lies a poignant, perhaps a tragic dilemma. Art, which once brought us closer to our experience, has now joined forces with the objects of the world which alienate us ever more deeply from having a true sense of ourselves, and it is unclear whether our experience can now be aesthetically explored and repossessed without abandoning art — at least art as we have known it in modern times — in the process. Almost every current development in art, from the revival of figure painting to the staging of "happenings" and the use of found objects, is an attempt to re-establish the *real*, the immediate, and the recognizable at the very center of artistic expression and thus give to experience some kind of hegemony over aesthetics. And yet these developments (of which the New Realism is one) fail precisely to the degree that they cling to the aesthetic precedents they seek to dislodge. Is it perhaps another case of wanting to eat one's cake and have it too?

TELEVISION

Russell B. Adams, Jr.

AMONG television's predictable fall blandishments of Westerns, situation comedies and medical dramas, a new breed of program has appeared. This is the modern combat adventure series, dealing with the battles of World War II. The first of the genre — *Combat* and *The Gallant Men*—are being shown by the American Broadcasting Company, long noted as a trail blazer in rough-and-tumble programing.

Packed with daring, mayhem and old newsreel footage, these shows treat television fans to the spectacle of GIs slogging through the European Theatre of Operations with a touch of humor. Occasionally, men die, and our side even suffers a tactical setback or two. But in the end the good guys prevail, and the picture of war that emerges is something like a combination of the buffoonery of the Dead End Kids and a woodcut from *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*. This may be television, but it isn't war.

The modern war adventure show is being produced, and will probably be eminently popular, for the same reason that the American Civil War has been exploited to the point that obsession with the slaughter of Gettysburg is as socially acceptable as playing with model electric trains or broiling steaks in a backyard barbecue. This is war where men are men, and not just well-oiled components in a network of computers and push buttons triggered to doomsday machines. This is war where glory and valor still retain a measure of the meaning they once had.

On a more basic level, the war shows are a fresh excuse for blood and multiple fractures. Few situations offer a more fertile area for imaginative violence than a company-strength assault on a fortified enemy position. And, since mayhem is an integral part of warfare, it will be hard for Minow's marauders to attack the battle shows on the ground that they contain unnecessary or unrealistic violence.

If it is true that all violence is somehow symbolic, then the war shows will offer symbolic solutions to the vexing problems of Cuba, Berlin and Southeast Asia. Just as Mike Hammer and the freewheeling frontier marshal can be interpreted as avenging McCarthy images transcending judicial process to root out and destroy enemies of the community, so the war-show heroes are violent sym-

RUSSELL B. ADAMS, Jr. is a writer who lives in Philadelphia.

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bols for every man who shakes with frustration and impotent rage whenever he contemplates the ups and downs of the cold war.

But the main objection to these symbolic fantasies is that they are too real. The uniforms, settings and equipment are so familiar and contemporary that the line between wishful thinking and reality can become blurred. We all know, for example, that if a real-life Mike Hammer went around kicking people in the groin and conking them with pistol butts, he would soon find himself behind bars. The world in which our frontier heroes operated is demonstrably different from the world today, and few people fail to see that a saber-flashing cavalry charge on the television screen has little relevance to modern problems. But how many Americans are sure that there is a vast difference between the warfare of only twenty years ago and the warfare that could result from an impetuous move in any one of today's trouble spots?

THE effect that a spate of television combat shows will have on the American desire for simple and direct solutions is hard to gauge. It would be sheer nonsense to claim that watching war programs for two, or even ten hours a week is going to turn anyone into a war hawk. But constant repetition of a theme has its effect on the mind, whether the individual is aware of it or not, and no matter how hard he may try to resist. (I would wager that in unguarded moments even Vance Packard has caught himself humming the tune of a cigarette, beer or deodorant jingle.)

The battle shows will have their greatest influence on the minds of viewers born since World War II and Korea. (It is significant that *Combat* and *The Gallant Men* are shown in the same time-slot as the Walt Disney and Roy Rogers shows.) For war and soldiering, no matter how they may repel the pacifist, have an eternal fascination for most people, especially children.

Romance is (or at least until now has been) an intrinsic element of war. And this is exploited to the hilt by the combat shows. The disturbing thing is that those shrewd observers of popular taste — the men who decide what we see on television and movie screens — have determined that the American public is now ripe for World War II drama. Perhaps more disturbing is the fact that, having recognized the appeal of these shows and presumably knowing the effect they might have, these men went ahead and produced them.

Darryl Zanuck probably started it all with his movie epic, *The Longest Day*, the filming of which was attended with almost as much hoopla as the misadventures of Elizabeth Taylor on the set of *Cleopatra*. This is being followed by a rash of low-budget war films, and may eventually lead to a whole new generation of Hollywood extravaganzas.

As popular as they will be, however, these movies will not have quite the impact of just a few television shows viewed weekly. These will bring war into the living room where it can be enjoyed by the whole family.

THAT the producers have no illusions about the appeal of these programs is illustrated by this breathless blurb from an ad introducing *Combat*: "They fought, they griped, they loved, they made history from D-Day to V-E Day. . . . You're going to get to know these men, to like them, to share their moments of daring and decision."

What these programs will do is reinforce in the minds of vast numbers of Americans the idea that violence on a grand scale is still an acceptable form of national behavior, that it is after all nothing more than the final argument of kings. That it could also be the final act of mankind is hard to get across in a drama of World War II.

Seen against the backdrop of a society touched on nearly every level by the military, the combat shows will to some extent help shape the attitudes that we have toward this influence. Again, it is the young who will be most vulnerable. If the war programs become as popular as, say, the Davy Crockett series of some years back, they are bound to spawn a phalanx of imitators, and toy makers may have on their hands a bonanza that will make the coonskin-cap craze look like a slight spasm in the sales chart. It is not hard to imagine the Komplete Kombat Kit for kids from five to fourteen: simulated draft cards, a batch of phony induction notices, plastic helmet, rubber bayonet, combat boots and assorted small arms. Child-sized fox holes will become as familiar to suburbanites as the mark of Zorro, and some enterprising patrioteer will organize a junior army and stage little-league war games every summer.

This is not quite so fantastic as it sounds. A new poster put out by the army to promote its reserve program shows a toothy, wholesome looking young officer returning the salutes of two ten-year-olds clad in makeshift battle dress. In a recent visit to this country from Norway, Marie Lous Mohr, a former president of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, said that she was concerned about the number of American children playing with war toys. "It is almost as bad as Germany was before World War I," said Miss Mohr.

(If Miss Mohr is still using Germany as a symbol of rampant militarism, she has a lot to learn from our Pentagon. The army, which provides technical advice for *Combat* and *The Gallant Men*, has insisted, in the words of *Combat's* producer, that nothing be shown "about the sadistic German S.S. The army has asked us to go out of our way to show that the Germans were extremely capable soldiers and fighters." The producer supposes that the reason for this "is to refrain from insulting the West Germans who might be fighting on our side if there is another war.")

Although it is tempting, talk of some sinister design behind these programs is as fatuous as General Walker's obscure ramblings about a secret control apparatus. No one is trying to bamboozle the American public into believing that war is a lark in which people sometimes get hurt. But sinister ends, like the road to hell, can be built of the best intentions. Television executives are not interested in convincing their audiences of anything. They are simply doing their jobs when they discover and exploit the growing popular delusion that military force is a practical way out of our problems. And there is every reason to believe that both the strength of the delusion and the number of shows feeding on it will increase.

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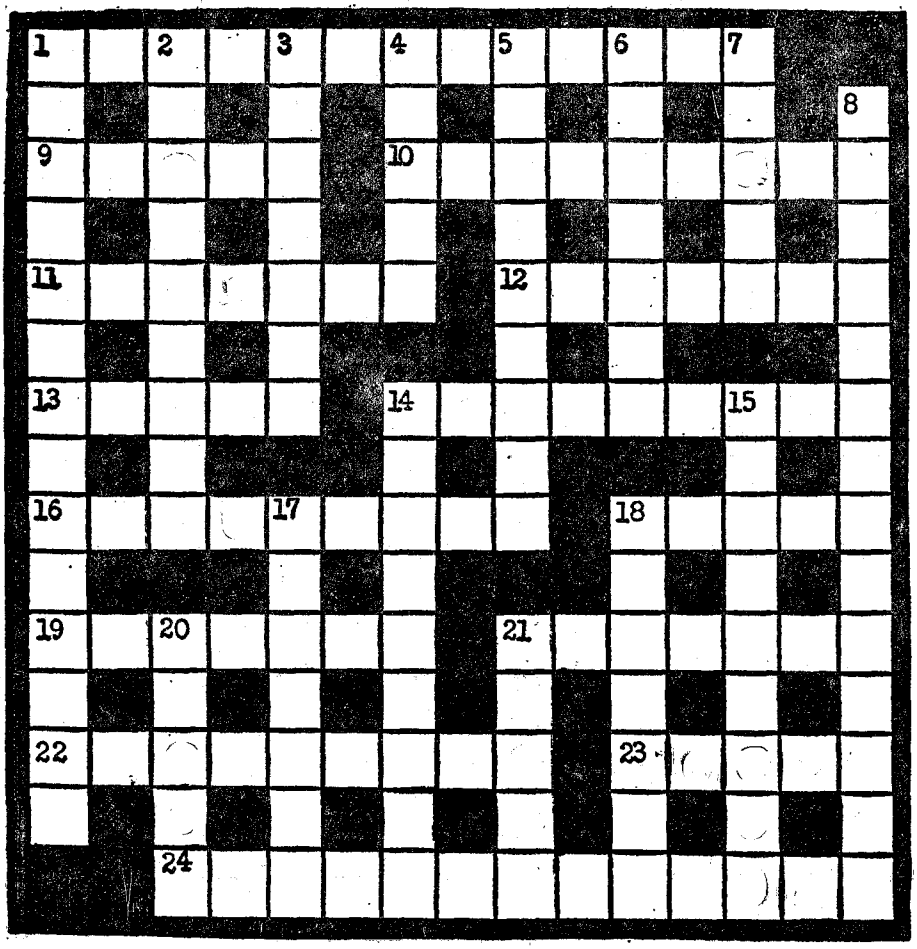
Crossword Puzzle No. 985

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Not very impressive during evidence, assuming my inability to make it. (13)
9 A man's a man with only the first article! (5)
10 The pole to catch things with, and bring them closer. (9)
11 A first in the last might turn it black as a fish. (7)
12 How to display brilliance. (7)
13 Spanish gas and water, for example. (5)
14 The livers of garment workers? (9)
16 In the requisite manner. (9)
18 Wells associated with the place, and some distance to travel. (5)
19 Heat in the physical or ice-forming sense. (7)
21 Not the place for in-patients! (Play is bound to be associated with it.) (7)
22 Count (but not in the right sequence) when the contented sound comes back in pure form. (9)
23 Refined oil in this place? (5)
24 What's that on top of the surrey? Crazy, man! (7,6)

DOWN:

1 Pool where stock shouldn't be watered? (10,4)
2 Rather fussy sort of service? (9)
3 What the junkman does to the rags. (7)
4 Crooked stile and broken fiber. (5)
5 Pity the poor writer—how he sets things down! (9)
6 Equip something, and what do you get out of it? Not a pip! (7)
7 Something fishy with Schubert's chamber music? (5)
8 Agreement, right down to the letter? (14)
14 Such destruction, and such a lout! (9)
15 What does it involve? That would be telling! (9)
17 Go ahead with a warning of course, and try to get into the office! (7)
18 Is such a rate fit to be more like stearic acid? (7)
20 The color they may try to put in the movies? (5)
21 Pertaining to a seer, perhaps. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 984

ACROSS: 1, 12 and 15 down Sticks and stones; 4 Pickaback; 9 Require; 10 Ocarina; 11 and 13 Pleasure; 16 Outrage; 17 Roosted; 19 Kinetic; 22 Spectra; 24 and 30 Bone-setters; 25 Names; 26 Hurt; 29 Nuggets; 31 Ringsider; 32 Wasps. DOWN: 1 Scrapbook; 2 Inquest; 3 Knit; 4 Prepare; 5 Chowder; 7 Aliquot; 8 Knave; 14 Pants; 18 Diastases; 20 Nonagon; 21 Classed; 22 Spenser; 23 Tautens; 24 Boner; 27 Wets; 28 and 6 Stowaway.

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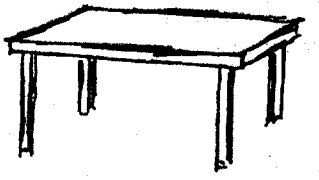
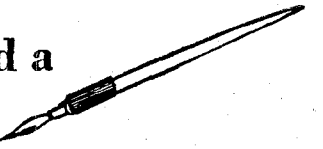
"Let your do the walking," goes the Yellow Pages' admonition. Our version is slightly different: "Let your fingers do the shopping." Take a , a  and a 

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